

Calm down.

Take a deep breath.

Relax.

Do you ever feel like you might explode?

Do you ever sit and think about all the bad things people have done to you? Do you ever have violent thoughts?

If the answer to any of these questions is “yes,” you may be suffering from anger.

But I can help you, if you’ll let me in.

Envision my words as a cleansing waterfall, rinsing away all the stress and negativity. Please, keep your heart open as you read on—by the time you finish you will be in a state of harmony, and you may never feel angry again.

Anger, like sadness and fear, is an extremely harmful emotion. It won’t help you to walk around grinding your teeth, and it won’t do your friends any good to have you yelling at them. And if anger goes unchecked, it can even destroy entire communities.

My dear brothers and sisters, we need to get anger out of our CU family before it’s too late. In order to help facilitate this healing process, I have created a simple three-step program, called Share, Care, and Repair.

Step One: Share.

Think of your emotions as rivers. In order to be happy and clean, a river must flow freely. Similarly, you must be open with others and let your feelings flow through you. But when you feel insecure, or scared, or defensive, a herd of beavers comes along and builds a dam across your river. The river soon becomes a stagnant pool of dead fish and beer cans. Then, when the dam bursts—Hurricane Katrina.

This can be avoided by letting the pressure out every once in a while. There are many different ways to do this. Some people like to go for a walk when they feel tense, others enjoy an aromatherapy bubble bath, and still others like a nice, slow, soothing masturbation session by the fireplace.

Don’t punch your pillow. Don’t play

violent video games. And if you do masturbate, don’t fantasize about tying up sorority girls and then taking them from behind. And if you *do* fantasize about that, don’t also fantasize about their weeping fathers watching you do it.

These types of thoughts and actions will only fuel the fire—they won’t make you feel any better. Trust me.

Step Two: Care

Some truly repressed individuals don’t express their anger overtly. Instead, they try to make other people angry so they can sit back and laugh sadistically to themselves. They often do not even know they are doing it.

If we are ever going to heal our community, we have to learn to care about each others’ feelings. Part of being responsible is not provoking anger in others.

For example, if you are a disenfranchised black man, and you are considering writing a provocative rap song, you should think about the fact that it might stir up angry feelings in your white companions. Instead of making a big fuss about how someone called you the “N-word” and dragging everyone else down with you, why don’t you just join the football team and get your aggression out on the field instead? That way, everyone will be happy.

Or, say you’re an angry female student who wants to hold some loud, obnoxious anti-rape demonstration. Before you do so, think of how disruptive such demonstrations are. Would you like it if the KKK marched through campus while *you* were trying to catch some sun by the fountain? Probably not—it would make you angry. So instead of wasting everyone’s time, why don’t you take all of that cute ferocity and work it out on the elliptical machine at the rec center? That way we wouldn’t have to listen to your stupid whining *and* we wouldn’t have to look at your flabby androgynous ass anymore.

Step Three: Repair

Before we can repair our community, we have to repair ourselves.

You know, I wasn't always a healer. Believe it or not, I used to be a pretty angry kid. Even back in third grade, I remember I used to run around the backyard with my toy guns and swords and pretend I was a ninja that had to decapitate a hundred bad guys in order to save this girl Devon from my class. And when I started making friends, we would play Mortal Kombat II every day for hours. By the time I was in sixth grade, I was writing ultra-violent horror stories and passing them around the lunchroom. Can you imagine that?

Yep, I thought that it was healthy to express anger. But now I can accept that I was sick, and I was calling for help.

Once, when I was six, I got yelled at by a teacher for pulling my pants down on the playground.

At the time, I was very angry with the teacher. Why did she have to berate me? It's not like I was hurting anyone. Where does she get off humiliating a 6-year-old in front of all his classmates?

But I have learned to let it go. By empathizing with her, I can finally understand that she was sexually repressed, possibly even abused, and she'd almost certainly never had an orgasm in her entire joyless life. In fact, since she was quite old at the time, she's probably dead by now.

See? Instead of getting angry, I process things with a clear head.

In high school, I was suspended four times because of an angry newsletter I used to write. I was also called racist, sexist, homophobic, and anti-Semitic in a letter to the school paper that was signed by fifty teachers.

I was furious. I couldn't believe that I was being punished and publicly smeared by people who were supposed to be guiding and educating me.

But, in reality, they were just trying to do their jobs. Sure, they failed, but it's not their fault they need to squash every last bit of creativity out of their students. And it's not my fault they can't do a shitty dead-end job that even a retarded person could do.

That's why I'm not mad. I just think it's funny. I think it's funny that every school I've ever gone to has tried to shit me right back out into the fucking toilet that is my life.

Can I ask you people something? What the fuck did I ever do to any of you? Do you assholes really think you can possibly make my life any shittier than it already is? Give it a fucking shot, cocksuckers.

BE MY FUCKING GUESTS.

Anyways, I'm just saying that the best way to help CU is to help ourselves. I've done my part. Can you do yours?

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. I tried therapy once. The therapist called me an asshole in our third session and I stopped going.*
- 2. In the past year I've been called to Ron Stump's office the same number of times I've had sex.*
- 3. When I was in jail in April, I climbed into the top bunk and said to my cell-mate, "What time is it?" He answered, "Why?"*

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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